BUSINESS OF BEGGING AS PRACTICED IN ST. LOUIS.

SOME MENDICANTS OF FORTUNE WHO USURP PUBLIC SYMPATHIES DUE ONLY TO THE DESERVING POOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"I see by the phaper"—as Mr. Dooley would have put it—that Signor Francisco Gorgia, formerly of New York, beggar by profession, at the ripe old age of 60, has amassed $12,000, and has boarded ship for "Italee" for the Riviera, where he proposes to loll for the rest of his days amid luxuries.

The signor—the dignity of title belongs to him who succeeds in what he undertakes—has pre-empted, during "business" hours, a location on a very prominent corner, where property was rated at something like $2,000 a square foot. As he occupied two such feet, he took up $4,000 worth of room. Probably on this account, one reason is as good as another, he was arrested.

Before the Magistrate a sorry-looking individual was he. There was a patch over one eye, his clothes were ragged, and his appearance was that of downtrodden humanity personified. The patch was removed. Behold! He had as good an eye as ever man of 60 boasted. The Judge looked solemn, as Judges should, and he frowned a most intelligent frown. Said he to Francisco Gorgia:

"Five dollars and costs."

The total was about $11. Everybody in court looked sympathetic, thinking that this poor, aged, feeble man must go to the workhouse to discharge the imposed indebtedness.

The "poor, aged, feeble man" thrust a lean hand into his trousers pocket and drew forth a dirty bag from which, in nickels and dimes, was counted the $11. The Magistrate was astounded, but more was in reserve. Francisco was not content with a modest triumph. Probably he reasoned that he was going back home, anyhow; probably he had a native dramatic sense, and wished a memorable farewell to America. From the bottom of the bag he drew forth a roll of dirty bills—$100 bills—$2,000 in all. Then a bankbook showing $10,000 deposits in the Bank of Rome.

"I gotta mon," quoth Gorgia. "I savee some. My daughter Lucrece, she maree two year ago. I give a three thousanda dollar. I take sheep, and goa back to Italee."

Doubtless by now the Signor's "sheep" has taken him to his native land, where the sky is blue and the weather ever temperate. Doubtless his position is an envied one and his relatives are scheming for his money. Doubtless, too, he is saying to the ambitious young men who ask to be directed along the road to fortune:

"Young sirs, go to America and beg."

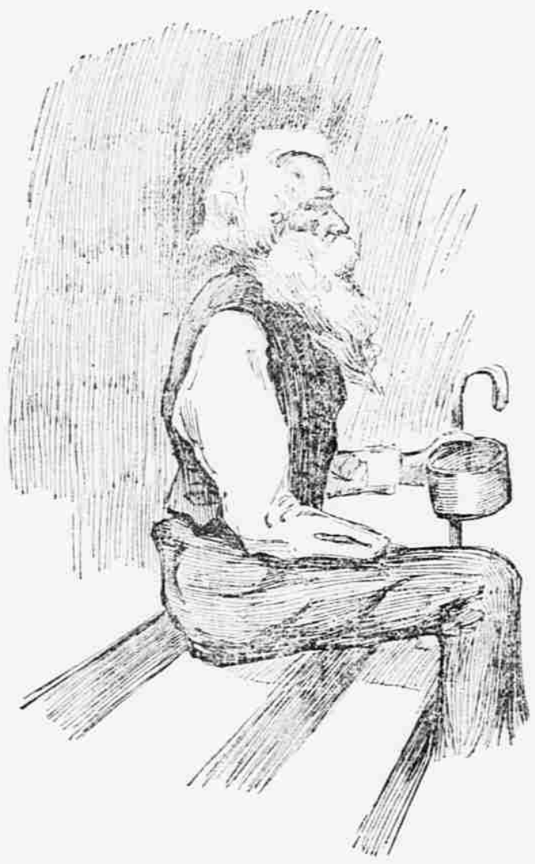
Knowledge of Human Nature One Stock in Trade.

Francisco's victory over poverty has this much meaning—there are many such beggars in business. The stock in trade is a faculty to entrap sympathy. Individuality, resource and application, as in other businesses, with an understanding of human nature, make for success. And the exponents of the business are: "The Man With the Beard," "The Man Without Arms and Legs," "The Old Lady in Black,"—names which hardly will be found in the City Directory, but the only names which serve to identify.

The beggar lives by attracting attention, and it takes something unusual and original to attract attention nowadays. Mere wretchedness of appearance and visible poverty are not enough for the beggar in these strenuous times, because the majority of the public has seen so many wretched and poverty-stricken people that they are hardened to the sight and pass it by as a mere matter of course.

The observer will have noticed the evidence of this fact about begging before now.

Walk along Broadway. Often near Market you will see a man who has lost both



HIS BEARD IS HIS LIVELIHOOD.

legs sitting upon a curbstone holding a tin cup. But the cup is held at arm's length, and the arm is as rigid as if it were jointless. There the ram remains, apparently immovable. To sustain the position so long seems an impossibility. Passersby stop and wonder. The man keeps his pose. Then some one advances and a nickel or a dime jingles in the cup. The man and the arm are still unmoved—for a minute or so only. Then the nickel is transferred to the man's pocket, for an empty cup "draws better."

Interesting-Looking Mendicant With the Long Beard.

Sometimes on Olive street you will see a most interesting-looking man. His clothes are old, but clean; there are rents, but the tears are neatly mended. His step is unsteady, for he is very old, and a gnarled hickory cane assists in walking. His eyes are set deep in the sockets, are bleared, almost sightless, and are shaded by gray, overreaching eyebrows. But his beard! This is the thing extraordinary. It is an adornment, even though the unpalatable word "hirsute" may be applied to it. The beard is white, soft as silk, and caressing the cheeks and the chin, it descends in several undulations as far as the waist.

This man is a beggar. He holds forth the alms cup and asks aid. But if it were not for the beard nine out of ten persons would pass him by without noticing his appeal. As it is, nine out of ten stop to gaze at the beard, and, gazing at the beard, see that he begs, and, seeing that he begs, are moved to pity. Thus the beard is like coins of the realm to him.

These are the spectacular beggars. There is another type equally unique. He is a most unpleasant fellow, for he has the faculty of making you put yourself in his place. Generally, he's not badly dressed. Externally he would pass muster at any place save where dress coats are the tickets of admission. He may be old, he may be young; he's generally the one or the other. In the middle of the block, when few other persons are near, he will stop you. He is most polite, you cannot think of passing him by. If he is old he will say in a very low pleading tone:

Beggar Who Tells of His Personal Pride.

"Sir, I need money for something to eat. Food has not crossed my lips for two days. I hate to ask this, I do indeed. I am old, and have no friends. I lost them when I lost my money. You will say that my clothes look good. Why do I not sell them? I cannot. I must look respectable though I starve. They are all that are left of my better days. I have three suits. A beggar with three suits of clothes. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He laughs a most melancholy laugh. This little admixture of pride into his begging makes you shiver to your boots. That's just the way you think you would feel if you were old and in his fix. Then it strikes you that, by two or three unlucky throws of the dice in the game you are playing at for a living, you might go two days without food. Such a beggar is irresistible; he captures your heart and your change.

The young man who begs in this fashion "solicits" of young men and goes to the wellsprings of emotion even more directly. There's one of these chaps about town who must have a bank account twice as long as Signor Gorgia's—either that or he eats at fashionable restaurants, drinks champagne cocktails or prunelle brandy, and deposits the bulk of his earnings at the race track.

This chap is exceedingly well dressed; his attire comes almost under the head of "nothby." He stops you, does it tactfully, so that you are not in the least put out, and probably think that he means to ask for a match. But that is not his purpose—not so, he means to give you the chance of doing the most charitable deed of your life. His cleverness draws you to his plane and you feel a kinship with him. It is the old story, out of a job probably because of this or that "trust." He has searched the town over for work, but has met failure, and is now penniless, with no place to lay his head and on the verge of starvation. Either his parents are dead or they are well to do and he is too proud to acknowledge himself a prodigal son. Will you not help him? You think at once, how little there is between you and "the street"—as the phrase is. Of course you will help, for may you not one of these days face what he is facing?

Pathetic Figure of the Sick Old Woman.

But in the teeming populace of the thoroughfares are many real beggars who beg because they have nothing, can have nothing, are sick and near to the grave. There is the old shriveled woman you see huddled in the doorstep, her attitude unnatural, her face drink-sodden; there is

TOTTERS IN FROM THE DARKNESS.

neither art nor artifice in her request for alms, she asks that she may drink. She has no home, and uses a score of names—Ellen Murphy, Bridget Maloney, Annie Walsh or something just as good. Her identity even is almost gone. Occasionally she may be seen at one of the charity hospitals, but most of her time in her "declining years" is spent upon the wide-stretching streets of the city.

There are the "ghosts" of the night. These are the shrunken figures of men, obviously disease-stricken, pale of face, with vacant, staring eyes. They somehow seem to belong to the darkness and to come up out of the sewers or other loathsome places like the swarms of evil-smelling insects.

Often one such beggar will totter from the darkness of the street into the bright light of some hotel or saloon, and with pathetic gesture hold forth a battered hat. Little falls therein, for the man's appearance is so wretched as to be revolting, and the drinkers turn away and try to forget that face.

Occasionally met with, too, is the seamed countenance with traces of insanity. The owner mumbles you cannot tell what. The words are jumbled, the ideas disconnected, the gestures meaningless. He makes an appeal, without giving reason—merely a dumb request to pity. He wanders away with uncertain step along a street which, perhaps, is fringed on either side by the massive office buildings that rise cold and unlighted, like lowering clouds, at night. Where does he sleep?

STOPS YOU TACTFULLY.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS."—JACK CHINN

Celebrated Kentucky Colonel Says the Boys Have Turned Party Ship Upside Down and Scraped Barnacle Off the Bottom in the Blue Grass State

COLONEL JACK CHINN.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Lexington, Ky., June 6.—Colonel Jack Chinn of Harrisburg puffed a big perfecto and discussed Kentucky politics to a group of newspaper men in the lobby of the Phoenix Hotel. Partly by inclination and partly by force of circumstances, with sometimes the one and sometimes the other the dominant influence, Colonel Chinn is farmer, fox-hunter, turfman and starter of race horses.

All these accomplishments are incidental. By nature he is a politician, and being born a politician, and a Kentucky politician, he cannot keep out of a campaign when he wants to—and he never wants to. Short, about 5 feet 8 inches in height; fat—he weighs close to 250 pounds; calf-kneed—for his knees bend in, apparently, under the great weight of his body, and with the twinkling brown eyes of a man who loves a joke, Colonel Chinn is a distinct type.

You would notice the shoulders in a crowd; you would remember the eyes by their twinkle, and, if by chance, you forgot them both, you would recognize the Colonel by a heavy watch chain, of rich, gold-bearing quartz, which stretches across his capacious waistband. This is Colonel Chinn of Kentucky.

"I'm for the young man in politics," said he. "The boys have turned the old Democratic Kentucky party ship upside down in the last few years and scraped the barnacles off the bottom. There are but two of the old leaders still at the helm. Joe Blackburn is in the Senate and Jim McCreary elected and on the road. Joe was always straight in his politics.

"It was like this: Joe was right after the fox all the time. He kept his nose to the ground and pumped straight ahead, and was most of the time close enough to be snapping at Mr. Republican fox's tail. Jim took a few funny jumps and lost the trail every now and then, but he was barking away with the rest of the pack when we holed our game.

"Ever hear the story of young Percy Haley's rise in politics? A little ragged Irish lad, he tagged about the streets of Frankfort until he was picked up in that Deboe senatorial race. He's Assistant Adjutant General now, and is close to every politician in the State. The Republicans had a hard time electing Deboe on account of their family quarrels, and, you remember, the Legislature was tied up for months. They concluded they had a traitor in camp who was giving out the secrets of their caucus. You know how that was. Percy Haley could always find a hole big enough to hide in. If he couldn't get a closet he made a chimney-sweep of himself and got in that way. He was taking a long chance on his life. No old man would have done it. When we would get him out he would be very tired. We would give him a bath, stretch him out on a sofa and then let him talk. It used to take an hour or two, but he would repeat everything that happened in that caucus—who made the motions and what they were, the general trend of the speeches and what plan of action was mapped out. It took nerve and a big memory and, most of all, a young man. As I said, Percy is Assistant Adjutant General.

"No," repeated the Colonel, chuckling until his shoulders rose and fell like a troubled sea, "I might hit an old fellow, but none of them double-fisted youngsters. What did I say about a majority? Twenty-five thousand and no leaders. Don't, I say don't, molest the juvenile brigade. They don't know when they are whipped."

With this parting shot and with his shoulders still in a state of upheaval, the Colonel elbowed his way through the crowded lobby in the direction of the bar—barber shop.

DOCTOR FOSTER Helped to Build First Railroad West of the Alleghanies.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Bloomington, Ill., June 7.—This city has among its citizens a survivor of the band of men who built the first railroad west of the Alleghenies. That man is Doctor D. M. Foster, a nonogenarian, who, for thirty years or more, practiced medicine and operated a drug store here. He has lived a retired life for the last two decades. His mind is still clear and he recalls distinctly the incidents of the pioneer railroad building. He has been trying, without success, to find some one who assisted in the building of the road. The work of surveying and construction began in 1831. The route selected for the initial enterprise was between Lexington and Frankfort, Ky. It is now a part of the Louisville and Nashville system. Young Foster was a civil engineer. The ground to be gone over was of the roughest character, the fills were heavy. In one place a cut of twelve feet through solid rock was necessary. The conditions were appalling to the young engineer of that time. In the thirties it was thought best to build roads for all time. A solid rock foundation was believed to be the only kind desirable. This first road, according to the recollections of Doctor Foster, was innocent of ties. Flat, iron rails were laid upon solid pieces of rock, each six feet long and two feet wide. The ends were dressed to make good joints. Every two feet in these foundation stones holes were drilled into which were hammered black locust pegs.

These served to keep the rails rigid. The stone was then cut and grooved for the flange of the wheels. The space of roadbed between the stone strips was paved with macadam. A queer, quaint car, like an omnibus, was first put on. For a time horses were the motive power. As these equines trotted over the strip of macadam, dragging the curious vehicle behind them, patrons thought that the limit of inventive genius in the transportation line had been reached. Soon, however, an engine was built and placed on the rails. This engine was an astonishing arrangement of machinery. It was oval like an egg. In the center was a walking beam, like that on a steamer. Around the outside of the engine were seats for passengers, who might be crowded out of the car behind, or who preferred the forward seats. With the advent of the steam engine, the stone foundations for the rails began to crumble and became unsafe. It was necessary to take up the stone and replace it with stringers of cedar, upon which were placed ties and another row of stringers. The thin iron rails were nailed to the strips of wood. Imperfect fastenings soon permitted the rails to curl. Oftentimes they penetrated the bottoms of the cars. These curled up rails were called "snake heads." They lasted for many years, being finally replaced by the familiar "T" rail of to-day.

The Struggle for Wealth.

It was past midnight and the poet was still wrestling with an obdurate verse which persisted in refusing to become fit for publication.

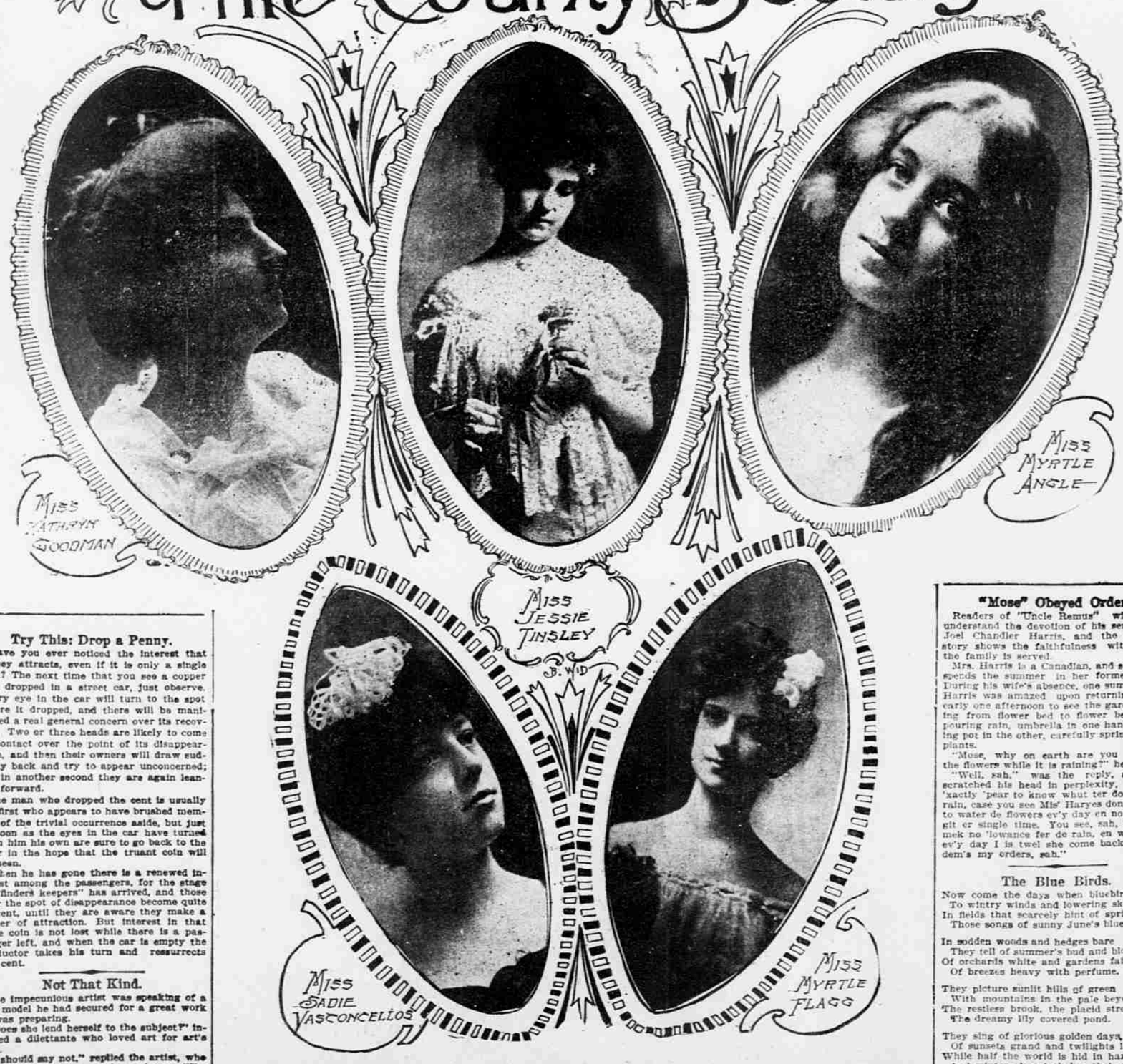
"Why don't you quit work and retire?" called Mrs. Poet from their bedchamber.

"Because," he responded wearily, "I am not yet wealthy enough."

"It isn't right for me to kiss you on such a short acquaintance."

"Is that so? It's too bad we haven't been longer acquainted."

Pike County Beauty



This subjects of these portrait s reside in Louisiana. The photographs were made by Klauer.

Try This: Drop a Penny.

Have you ever noticed the interest that money attracts, even if it is only a single cent? The next time that you see a copper coin dropped in a street car, just observe. Every eye in the car will turn to the spot where it dropped, and there will be manifested a real general concern over its recovery. Two or three heads are likely to come in contact over the point of its disappearance, and then their owners will draw suddenly back and try to appear unconcerned; but in another second they are again leaning forward.

The man who dropped the cent is usually the first who appears to have brushed memory of the trivial occurrence aside, but just as soon as the eyes in the car have turned from him his own are sure to go back to the floor in the hope that the truant coin will be seen.

When he has gone there is a renewed interest among the passengers, for the stage of "finders keepers" has arrived, and those near the spot of disappearance become quite diligent, until they are aware they make a center of attraction. But interest in that little coin is not lost while there is a passenger left, and when the car is empty the conductor takes his turn and ressurrects the cent.

Not That Kind.

The impecunious artist was speaking of a new model he had secured for a great work he was preparing.

"Does she lend herself to the subject?" inquired a dilettante who loved art for art's sake.

"I should say not," replied the artist, who had got his start as a sign painter. "She charges two dollars an hour."

"Mose" Obeyed Orders.

Readers of "Uncle Remus" will readily understand the devotion of his servants to Joel Chandler Harris, and the following story shows the faithfulness with which the family is served.

Mrs. Harris is a Canadian, and sometimes spends the summer in her former home. During his wife's absence, one summer, Mr. Harris was amazed upon returning home early one afternoon to see the gardener going from flower bed to flower bed in the pouring rain, umbrella in one hand, watering pot in the other, carefully sprinkling the plants.

"Mose, why on earth are you watering the flowers while it is raining?" he asked.

"Well, sah," was the reply, as Mose scratched his head in perplexity, "I didn't 'xactly 'pear to know whut ter do 'bout de rain, case you see Mis' Harves done tole me to water de flowers ev'y day en not ter fergit er single time. You see, sah, she ain't mek no 'lowance fer de rain, en water 'em ev'y day I is twel she come back, 'cause dem's my orders, sah."

The Blue Birds.

Now come the days when bluebirds sing
To wintry winds and lowering skies,
In fields that scarcely hint of spring,
Those songs of sunny June's blue eyes.

In sodden woods and hedges bare
They tell of summer's bud and bloom,
Of orchards white and gardens fair,
Of breezes heavy with perfume.

They picture sunlit hills of green
With mountains in the pale beyond—
The restless brook, the placid stream,
The dreamy lily covered pond.

They sing of glorious golden days,
Of sunsets grand and twilights long.
While half the world is hid in haze
And winter almost chokes their song.

S. McCHESNEY PIPER.

DANIEL FOSTER,
Who helped build the first railroad west of the Alleghenies.